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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Western Oregon and Washington—Showers followed by fair; warmer except near coast.
Eastern Oregon—Generally fair; cooler.
Eastern Washington and Idaho—Generally fair.

FALSE ECONOMY.

Mayor Wise is correct in his insistence upon the immediate rehabilitation of the fire engines belonging to this city (which should never have been permitted to fall into an unusable condition), and their restoration to active service.

Because Astoria has enjoyed remarkable immunity from fire in the past, is no sort of guarantee that it will last another single day. The hour of her stress from fire may strike at any moment, and it behooves the city to have every possible agency at hand to meet such an emergency. The business district is wholly susceptible to such an invasion and surely the extraordinary rates of fire insurance here justify the limit of precaution on the part of the municipality.

Never a dollar was lost that was spent in honest effort to guard a community against the ravages of fire. It is known, the world over, as the one municipal extravagance, and is justified everywhere on the common theory of the safety of life and property. No reproach is so just and so severe as that which is cast back upon a niggardly administration directly responsible for a disastrous fire by reason of adequate fire-fighting facilities denied, or delayed. Let the Astoria fire department have the engines, and in the best possible order, and anything else it needs to do its duty thoroughly when the crucial moment arrives; for arrive it will all in good time and time unguessable by man.

GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE.

The policy of governmental interference in matters of purely commercial import and quasi-individual responsibility, is not generally looked upon with favor in democratic America and is rarely indulged except upon the most exacting hypothesis of public benefit. And the proposed intervention by President Roosevelt in the telegraphers' great strike is a case in point.

There can be no doubt about the extraordinary gravity of the situation as it stands and the manifest need of the quickest possible conclusion of the difficulties complained of by the operatives, for it is said in all honesty, the measure of their discontent and disorder, is a mere bagatelle in comparison with the sum of disaster and confusion inevitable upon a continuance of the strike they have wrought. There is no calling that can be named that is so variously and intimately interwoven with the life of the nation, as is theirs; there is no phase of human endeavor or interest, governmental, commercial, nor ethical, that can escape the universal paralysis this strike must precipitate if it is allowed to go on; it is not one of the trades, that can be dispensed with for a time and be accounted for by some passing sacrifice of comfort or convenience; it is a line of service so comprehensive in its functions as to make its cessation an absolute public deprivation, and is charged with a thousand dangers and evils impossible to any sort of strike.

It strikes at the very fundament of national activity and cripples and stifles the organic movement of the daily life of the people; it embarrasses the administration of the law to an extent that puts the movement squarely upon the plans of an open defiance of that law; it throttles the transportation systems

of the country and places a barrier on the transaction of current business and commerce, in a way that leaves the government no choice but to interfere in the very name of common and popular justice.

That this interposition will be made wisely and conservatively and with due regard for the constitutional right of the striking operatives to assert themselves and their equitable claims, goes without saying; but that it will be of a character to impress not only the strikers but the employing companies as well, is also an imperative and unescapable duty of the government. Indeed, it would not surprise us if it became necessary for the President to interpose the credit of the government for the final adjustment of the claims of the parties in direct interest, upon the resumption of work by the telegraphers, and the reference of all the issues to a commission named at Washington, as was done in the great coal strike a few years ago.

Some signal effort must be made in behalf of the people, and Mr. Roosevelt is quite equal to the demand and public opinion is likely to enforce instant acknowledgment of his arbitrament however strenuous and unusual it may be. The "man at the key" is too much a public servant to pose altogether as a private and disinterested employee, and far too essential a factor to be permitted to do so.

SLEEPY CROWD OF VISITORS.

Returning At Night For Their Homes and Hard Pressed For A Place To Sleep But Worth All Hardship.

What the human animal will endure to secure a little pleasure has not yet been ascertained as yet. There is no way to measure it if it should be found. Just think of the agonies that fathers and husbands endure who come down to the beaches for but one day with their families.

Sunday night there were hundreds who returned to their homes in Portland after one pleasant day at the sea shore. They came up from Seaside and had a hard, crowded trip up on the train to Portland. But they are of the only ones; those who go over to North Beach have the harder and longer trip. But from the crowds of returning visitors there are no groans; no signs of displeasure; all is borne with the spirit that the fun is worth paying for.

The steamer T. J. Potter brought over from North Beach Sunday evening about 500 passengers. Half of these could secure staterooms and a few of the others some kind of shake-down berth. A berth Sunday night was worth its weight in gold and stewards made a nice little "on the side" by selling their places of rest for substantial sums.

But at 2 o'clock in the cabins the night was interesting and pathetic. The fat men had all the best of it, they fit snugly in the big padded chairs and their breasts, as they rose and fell with their slow breathing, resembled the undulations of a lazy, tropic sea. And as the escaping breath bubbled through nose and sleepy lips, it produced a sound akin to the low muttering of distant thunder on the other side of a lazy sea. The God of Sleep was over all and nothing could be heard but the dull drive of the engines and the tremble of the boat.

But the thin sleepers—their was a hard lot. Lamp and weak when sleep overtook them they gradually fell on the arm of their chair or on to the deck of the saloon. The fitful jump could occasionally be seen as some one dreamt that he was falling from a great height into a soft bed. With head hanging down and about to snap off and arms dragging they passed up the river, passed by Pillar Rock, on by Stella, left Ranier behind, then Goble and at last St. Johns and Portland.

An awful day in the office Monday, but with the memory of a good time the day before, and a fine sleep Monday night, the hardy traveler and Oregonian is more than repaid for the hard time he has had seeing his loved ones at their summering.

Remedy for Diarrhoea—Never Known to Fail.

"I want to say a few words for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have used this preparation in my family for the past five years and have recommended it to a number of people in York county and have never known it to fail to effect a cure in any instance. I feel that I can not say too much for the best remedy of the kind in the world."—S. Jemison, Spring Grove, York County, Pa. This remedy is for sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

STABE WITH SOLDERING IRON.

FRESNO, Cal., Aug. 13.—Juana Arizosa, a pretty Spanish girl, committed suicide by jabbing herself in the abdomen with a blunt soldering iron. She came from Spain two months ago and was despondent ever since her arrival.



TONIGHT, 8:15
Lee Willard in "The Silver King" at the Astoria Theater.

BOWSER AS AN ACTOR

Thinks He Can Play Hamlet

Mrs. Bowser was puzzled and perturbed. Mr. Bowser was going about striking strange attitudes and muttering to himself, and he had cried out in his midnight sleep:

"Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries, Hold, enough!"

Something was up, but just what it was Mr. Bowser was keeping to himself. She made cautious inquiries as to whether he was looking for a farm, investing in a flying machine or experimenting with a new hair dye, but he only smiled in a knowing way in answer. When the cook was asked in a casual way if she had noticed anything queer about him of late she promptly answered:

"Yes, ma'am, I have, and I was thinking of giving notice before he broke out and set the house on fire or killed us with the ax. He acts just as my sister's husband did before he blew up the house with a bomb and jumped into the river."

"What have you noticed about him?"

"Well, ma'am, he got out into the back yard the other evening and threw his arms around and muttered. He jumped ahead, and then sideways and backward, and all the time he was muttering to himself. I went to a



HE DIDN'T LOOK TO BE WORTH OVER 15 CENTS.

theater on the Bowery once, and Mr. Bowser acted just like an actor I saw there. Did you ever hear of an actor called Mr. Hamlet, ma'am?"

"Hamlet is a character in one of Shakespeare's plays," replied Mrs. Bowser.

Feared For Her Life.

"Then that's what he's trying to be, and if you can't stop him I must quit my job. I'm the sole support of an invalid mother, as you know, and I don't want to be suddenly blown high sky and leave her to go to the poor-house."

Mrs. Bowser felt that she now had the key of the mystery in her hands. That evening she was watching for Mr. Bowser's return from the office. She saw him drop off the street car at his usual hour and noticed that he stepped off with a one-two-three stride. As he entered the house he bowed ceremoniously to her, and during the dinner hour he was lofty and superior. When they had returned to the sitting room he began pacing up and down, and presently she said:

"Mr. Bowser, I want to talk with you for a few minutes. You have been acting rather strangely of late."

Have you got some great trouble on your mind that you are keeping from me?"

"My mind was never more clear of trouble," he answered, with a bow and a smile.

"But you have got some plan on hand."

"If I have, oh, woman, thou must restrain thy curiosity till such time as I see fit to unfold."

"Are you thinking of acting on the stage?"

"Methinks thou hast hit it close."

"Then tell me about it. As a wife I am interested in your welfare."

States the Case.

"Well, here's the case," he said as he descended from his high horse. "About a week ago Mr. Horatio Blank, the celebrated actor and manager, happened in the office just as I was repeating Hamlet's soliloquy for the benefit of Green, and when I was through he was pleased to shake hands with me and ask if he could offer any inducement for me to go on the road with a company he is organizing to play Shakespeare's plays. I said nothing to you about the matter, knowing that you would treat it with your usual sarcasm, but I have had two or three talks with Mr. Blank since. He is satisfied that I will make the greatest Hamlet ever seen on the stage. I shall also play Romeo."

"You speak as if it was a settled thing," said Mrs. Bowser.

"It is about as good as settled. He is coming here this evening for a final talk. He thinks he can pay me a salary of \$400 per week, but is going to let me know. We intend to introduce a new feature in theatricals—play the whole year through. He believes, and I quite agree with him, that people long for Shakespearean plays in summer more than in the winter. Thus it will be \$400 per week for fifty-two weeks in the year. Is there anything bad about that for an income?"

"Does Mr. Blank want you to put any money in the enterprise?"

"Yes, a few dollars. I think he wants me to advance enough money to pay for the printing. He will pay me back double the amount when we get out on the road. He has had twenty-one companies, and all have made money. He is said to be worth \$1,000,000."

"Then why does he want you to advance anything?"

"Might Leave Him In Lurch."

"Why? Why? I don't know exactly why, but to show that I am in earnest, I suppose. I might engage with him and then leave him in the lurch."

It was an explanation, but it didn't satisfy the explainer. He saw a smile on Mrs. Bowser's face and began to flush up as he said:

"That's always the way with you—doing your best to find some fault. I wish I hadn't said a word until the company was ready to start out on the road."

"I am not finding fault, Mr. Bowser. I am simply asking for information. There's a ring at the bell. It is probably your man Blank. Go ahead and make your arrangements with him. I shall expect a box all to myself on the first night you play 'Hamlet.'"

Mr. Bowser ushered his theatrical manager into the library and carefully closed the door, and they took seats at the table. The said manager didn't look to be worth \$1,000,000. In fact, he didn't look to be worth much over

15 cents. His silk hat had withstood many ups and downs in the world, and his tightly buttoned frock coat was worn and shiny and showed that it had often stood before the free lunch counter and taken in the bean soup. His cuffs were frayed and his necktie faded, and the hand that had dined one knee of his trousers must have held a darling needle. He had his assurance with him, however, and that was the main thing.

Needed About \$7,000.

"Oh, this dress, this worldly dress!" he sighed as he sat down. "It should have nothing to do with our noble profession, but unfortunately we cannot escape it. I have been figuring this afternoon, and I find that it will take about seven thousand to put us on the road in good shape. Of course it will all come back to you sooner or later. There are ten or twelve parties who are anxious to furnish the money, but as none of them can play Hamlet I have turned them down."

"Um!" grunted Mr. Bowser, who had an idea that twenty-five or thirty dollars at most would be wanted.

"As for the part of Hamlet, of course you couldn't expect to go right on and play it at the start. You must gradually work up to it. For the first two weeks you will bring the spade to Hamlet to dig the grave with."

"Um! Um!"

"I wish we could make you a foot taller somehow. You are rather short and chunky to play the part."

Mr. Bowser turned red and white.

"We must also get you a wig to hide your baldness. Do you think you could reduce your weight by sixty or seventy pounds? Hamlet has no bay window on him, you know."

"By thunder, man, what are you talking about?" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he rose up.

Hamlet Not a Bowser.

"Calm thyself, Horatio," replied Mr. Blank in soothing tones. "Hamlet must be Hamlet. Hamlet cannot be Bowser."

"Hamlet be damned! Sir, you have insulted me!"

"Tush, tush. I like thy spirit, but the tones of thy voice hath a clarion sound. Sit thee down and we will talk of the long green. Seven thousand!"

"Seven thousand nothing! I don't like your style. I don't want to deal with you. This interview is closed."

"And you haven't offered me a glass of wine nor a cigar. I was mistaken in you. You couldn't play Hamlet any more than a bull could play a church organ. Good night, sir. I can find my way out. If I hear of a brickyard for sale I will put you next."

Mrs. Bowser was in the sitting room. As Mr. Bowser came out he was all a-berle and ready for battle, but she simply looked up and smiled and said:

"Isn't it a rather cold night, dear, for this time of year?"

Mr. Bowser didn't answer, but he thought it was—for him.

M. QUAD.

Men Past Sixty in Danger.

More than half of mankind over 60 years of age suffer from kidney and disorders, usually enlargement of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rockport, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I felt better than I have for 20 years, although I am now 91 years old." T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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